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SIXPENCE.

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THE VICTIM OF GERMANY'S CROWNING INFAMY: THE HEROIC MISS EDITH CAVELL, EXECUTED BY THE GERMANS.

A thrill of horror and intense indignation, which will be felt at the recruiting offices and on the field, was aroused by the execution of Miss Edith Cavell, lately head of a training-school for nurses in Brussels. She was arrested by the Germans there on August 5, sentenced to death, and executed on October 13. "It is understood," the Press Bureau stated, "that the charge against Miss Cavell was that she had harboured fugitive British and French soldiers and Belgians of military age, and had assisted them

to escape from Belgium in order to join the colours." Miss Cavell had nursed many wounded German officers. Later, she could have left, but chose to remain at her post. This cruel execution is in striking contrast to the treatment of a German woman spy recently sentenced here merely to a term of imprisonment. Miss Cavell was the daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Cavell, Vicar of Swardston, near Norwich. She was trained at the London Hospital, and afterwards worked at St. Pancras and Shoreditch Infirmarys.

THE UNIQUE CITY: YPRES.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

THE ENTRANCE.

WHEN we drew near Ypres we met a civilian wagon laden with furniture of a lower middle-class house, and also with lengths of gilt picture-frame moulding. There was quite a lot of gilt in the wagon. A strong, warm wind was blowing, and the dust on the road and from the railway track was very unpleasant. The noise of artillery persisted. As a fact, the wagon was hurrying away with furniture and picture-frame mouldings under fire. Several times we were told not to linger here and not to linger there, and the automobiles, emptied of us, received very precise instructions where to hide during our absence. We saw a place where a shell had dropped on to waste ground at one side of the road, and thrown up a mass of earth and stones on to the roof of an asylum on the other side of the road. The building was unharmed; the well-paved surface of the road was perfect—it had received no hurt; but on the roof lay the earth and stones. Still, we had almost no feeling of danger. The chances were a thousand to one that the picture-frame maker would get safely away with his goods; and he did. But it seemed odd—to an absurdly sensitive, non-Teutonic mind it seemed somehow to lack justice—that the picture-framer, after having been ruined, must risk his life in order to snatch from the catastrophe the debris of his career. Further on, within the city itself, but near the edge of it, two men were removing uninjured planks from the upper floor of a house; the planks were all there was in the house to save. I saw no other attempt to make the best of a bad job, and, after I had inspected the bad job, these two attempts appeared heroic to the point of mere folly.

I had not been in Ypres for nearly twenty years, and when I was last there the work of restoring the historic buildings of the city was not started. (These restorations, especially to the Cloth Hall and the Cathedral of St. Martin, were just about finished in time for the opening of hostilities, and they give yet another proof of the German contention that Belgium, in conspiracy with Britain, had deliberately prepared for the war—and, indeed, wanted it!) The Grande Place was quite recognisable. It is among the largest public squares in Europe, and one of the very few into which you could put a medium-sized Atlantic liner. There is no square in London or (I think) New York into which you could put a 10,000-ton boat. A 15,000-ton affair, such as even the *Arabic*, could be arranged diagonally in the Grande Place at Ypres.

This Grande Place has seen history. In the middle of the thirteenth century, whence its chief edifices date, it was the centre of one of the largest and busiest towns in Europe, and a population of 200,000 weavers was apt to be uproarious in it. Within three centuries a lack of comprehension of home politics and the simple brigandage of foreign politics had reduced Ypres to a population of 5000. In the seventeenth century Ypres fell four times. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it ceased to be a bishopric. In the middle of the nineteenth century it ceased to be fortified; and in the second decade of the twentieth century it ceased to be inhabited. Possessing 200,000 inhabitants in the thirteenth century, 5000 inhabitants in the sixteenth century, 17,400 inhabitants at the end of the nineteenth century, it now possesses 0 inhabitants. It is uninhabited. It cannot be inhabited. Scarcely two months before I saw it, the city—I was told—had been full of life: in the long period of calm which followed the bombardment of the railway-station quarter in November 1914 the inhabitants had taken courage, and many of those who had fled from the first shells had sidled back again with the most absurd hope in their hearts. As late as the third week in April the Grande Place was the regular scene of commerce, and on market-days it was dotted with stalls upon which were offered for sale such frivolous things as postcards displaying the damage done to the railway-station quarter.

Then came the major bombardment, which is not yet over.

THE BIG BUILDINGS.

You may obtain a just idea of the effects of the major bombardment by adventuring into the interior of the Cathedral of St. Martin. This Cathedral is chiefly thirteenth-century work. Its tower, like that of the Cathedral at Malines, had never been completed—nor will it ever be, now—but it is still, with the exception of the tower of the Cloth Hall, the highest thing in Ypres. The tower is a skeleton. As for the rest of the building, it may be said that some of the walls alone substantially remain. The choir—the earliest part of the Cathedral—is entirely unroofed, and its south wall has vanished. The apse has been blown clean out. The Early Gothic nave is partly unroofed. The transepts are unroofed, and of the glass of the memorable rose window of the south transept not a trace is left—so far as I can remember.

In the centre of the Cathedral, where the transepts meet, is a vast heap of bricks, stone, and powdery dirt. This

heap rises irregularly like a range of hills towards the choir; it overspreads most of the immense interior, occupying an area of, perhaps, from 15,000 to 20,000 square feet. In the choir it rises to a height of six or seven yards. You climb perilously over it as you might cross the Alps. This incredible amorphous mass, made up of millions of defaced architectural fragments of all kinds, is the shattered body of about half the Cathedral. I suppose that the lovely carved choir-stalls are imbedded somewhere within it. The grave of Jansen is certainly at the bottom of it. The aspect of the scene, with the sky above, the jagged walls, the interrupted arches, and the dusty piled mess all around, is intolerably desolate. And it is made the more so by the bright colours of the great altar, two-thirds of which is standing, and the still brighter colours of the organ, which still clings, apparently whole, to the north wall of the choir. In the sacristy are collected gilt candelabra and other altar-furniture, turned yellow by the fumes of picric acid. At a little distance the Cathedral, ruin though it is, seems solid enough; but when you are in it the fear is upon you that the inconstant and fragile remains of it may collapse about you in a gust of wind a little rougher than usual. You leave the outraged face with relief. And when you get outside you have an excellent opportunity of estimating the mechanism which brought about this admirable triumph of destruction; for there is a hole made by a 17-inch shell; it is at a moderate estimate fifty feet across, and it has happened to tumble into a graveyard, so that the hole is littered with the white bones of earlier Christians.

The Cloth Hall was a more wonderful thing than the Cathedral of St. Martin, which, after all, was no better

perambulation you may detect an odour with which certain trenches have already familiarised you. Obstinate inhabitants were apt to get buried in the cellars where they had taken refuge. In one place what looked like a colossal sewer had been uncovered. I thought at the time that the sewer was somewhat large for a city of the size of Ypres, and it has since occurred to me that this sewer may have been the ancient bed of the stream Yperlee, which in some past period was arched over.

"I want to make a rough sketch of all this," I said to my companions in the middle of the Grande Place, indicating the Cloth Hall, and the Cathedral, and other grouped ruins. The spectacle was, indeed, majestic in the extreme, and if the British Government has not had it officially photographed in the finest possible manner, it has failed in a very obvious duty: detailed photographs of Ypres ought to be distributed throughout the world.

My companions left me to myself. I sat down on the edge of a small shell-hole some distance in front of the Hospital. I had been advised not to remain too near the building lest it might fall on me. The paved floor of the Place stretched out around me like a tremendous plain, seeming the vaster because my eyes were now so much nearer to the level of it. On a bit of façade to the left the word "CYCLE" stood out in large, black letters on a white ground. This word and myself were the sole living things in the Square. In the distance a cloud of smoke up a street showed that a house was burning. The other streets visible from where I sat gave no sign whatever. The wind, strong enough throughout my visit to the Front, was now stronger than ever. All the window-frames and doors in the Hospital were straining and creaking in the wind. The loud sound of guns never ceased. A large British aeroplane hummed and buzzed at a considerable height overhead. Dust drove along.

I said to myself: "A shell might quite well fall here any moment."

I was afraid. But I was less afraid of a shell than of the intense loneliness. Rheims was inhabited; Arras was inhabited. In both cities there were postmen and newspapers, shops, and even cafés. But in Ypres there was nothing. Every street was a desert; every room in every house was empty. Not a dog roamed in search of food. The weight upon my heart was sickening. To avoid complications I had promised the Staff Officer not to move from the Place until he returned; neither of us had any desire to be hunting for each other in the sinister labyrinth of the town's thoroughfares. I was, therefore, a prisoner in the Place, condemned to solitary confinement. I ardently wanted my companions to come back. . . . Then I heard echoing sounds of voices and footsteps. Two British soldiers appeared round a corner and passed slowly along the Square. In the immensity of the Square they made very small figures. I had a wish to accost them, but Englishmen do not do these things, even in Ypres. They glanced casually at me; I glanced casually at them, carefully pretending that the circumstances of my situation were entirely ordinary.

I felt safer while they were in view; but when they had gone I was afraid again. I was more than afraid; I was inexplicably uneasy. I made the sketch simply because I had said that I would make it. And as soon as it was done, I jumped up out of the hole and walked about, peering down streets for the reappearance of my friends. I was very depressed, very irritable, and I honestly wished that I had never accepted any invitation to visit the Front. I somehow thought I might never get out of Ypres alive. When at length I caught sight of the Staff Officer I felt instantly relieved. My depression, however, remained for hours afterwards.

STREETS.

Perhaps the chief street in Ypres is the wide Rue de Lille, which runs from opposite the Cloth Hall down to the Lille Gate, and over the moat water into the Lille road and on to the German lines. The Rue de Lille was especially famous for its fine old buildings. There was the Hospice Belle, for old female paupers of Ypres, built in the thirteenth century. There was the Museum, formerly the Hotel Merghelynck, not a very striking edifice, but full of antiques of all kinds. There was the Hospital of St. John, interesting, but less interesting than the Hospital of St. John at Bruges. There was the Gothic Maison de Bois, right at the end of the street, with a rather wonderful frontage. And there was the famous fourteenth-century Steenen, which since my previous visit had been turned into the post office. With the exception of this last building, the whole of the Rue de Lille, if my memory is right, lay in ruins. The shattered post office was splendidly upright, and in appearance entire; but, for all I know, its interior may have been destroyed by a shell through the roof. Only the acacia-trees flourished, and the flies, and the weeds between the stones of the paving. The wind took up the dust from the rubbish heaps which had been houses and wretched it against what bits of walls still maintained the



"DETAILED PHOTOGRAPHS OF YPRES OUGHT TO BE DISTRIBUTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD": A UNIQUE VIEW OF THE RUINED CITY—"YPRES. 1915."

This remarkable photograph of the ruins of Ypres appeared, on a large scale, in our issue of August 28 last. In response to many inquiries from readers, we have prepared for sale a limited number of photographs of it. The prints measure 20 inches by 13 inches, on stiff mounts, and can be obtained for 7s. 6d. each (plus 6d. inland postage), by applying to L.S.P., "Illustrated London News," Millford Lane, Strand, W.C. As Mr. Arnold Bennett says: "Detailed photographs of Ypres ought to be distributed throughout the world."

than dozens of other cathedrals. There was only one Cloth Hall of the rank of this one. It is not easy to say whether or not the Cloth Hall still exists. Its celebrated three-storey façade exists, with a huge hiatus in it to the left of the middle, and, of course, minus all glass. The entire façade seemed to me to be leaning slightly forward; I could not decide whether this was an optical delusion or a fact. The enormous central tower is knocked to pieces, and yet conserves some remnant of its original outlines; bits of scaffolding on the sides of it stick out at a great height like damaged matches. The slim corner towers are scarcely hurt. Everything of artistic value in the structure of the interior has disappeared in a horrible confusion of rubble. The eastern end of the Cloth Hall used to be terminated by a small beautiful Renaissance edifice called the Nieuwerk, dating from the seventeenth century. What its use was I never knew; but the Nieuwerk has vanished, and the Town Hall next door has also vanished; broken walls, a few bits of arched masonry, and heaps of refuse alone indicate where these buildings stood in April last.

THE GRANDE PLACE.

So much for the two principal buildings visible from the Grande Place. The Cloth Hall is in the Grande Place, and the Cathedral adjoins it. The only other fairly large building in the Place is the Hôpital de Notre Dame at the north-east end. This white-painted erection, with its ornamental gilt sign, had continued substantially to exist as a structural entity; it was defaced, but not seriously. Every other building in the place was smashed up. To walk right round the Place is to walk nearly half a mile; and along the entire length, with the above exceptions, there was nothing but mounds of rubbish and fragments of upstanding walls. Here and there in your

perpendicular. Here, too, was the unforgettable odour, rising through the interstices of the smashed masonry which hid subterranean chambers.

We turned into a side-street of small houses—probably the homes of lace-makers. The street was too humble to be a mark for the guns of the Germans, who, no doubt, trained their artillery by the aid of a very large-scale municipal map on which every building was separately indicated. It would seem impossible that a map of less than a foot to a mile could enable them to produce such wonderful results of carefully wanton destruction. And the assumption must be that the map was obtained from the local authorities by some agent masquerading as a citizen. I heard, indeed, that known citizens of all the chief towns returned to their towns or to the vicinity thereof in the uniform and with the pleasing manners of German warriors. The organisation for doing good to Belgium against Belgium's will was an incomparable piece of chicane and pure rascality. Strange—Belgians were long ago convinced that the visitation was inevitably coming, and had fallen into the habit of discussing it placidly over their beer at nights. . . .

To return to the side-street. So far as one could see, it had not received a dent, not a scratch. Even the little windows of the little red houses were by no means all broken. All the front doors stood ajar. I hesitated to walk in, for these houses seemed to be mysteriously protected by influences invisible. But in the end the vulgar, yet perhaps legitimate, curiosity of the sightseer, of the professional reporter, drove me within the doors. The houses were so modest that they had no entrance-halls or lobbies. One passed directly from the street into the parlour. Apparently the parlours were completely furnished. They were in an amazing disorder, but the furniture was there. And the furnishings of all of them were alike, as the furnishings of all the small houses of a street in the Five Towns or in a cheap London suburb. The ambition of these homes had been to resemble one another. What one had all must have. Under ordinary circumstances the powerful common instinct to resemble is pitiable. But here it was absolutely touching.

Everything was in these parlours. The miserable, ugly ornaments, bought and cherished and admired by the simple, were on the mantelpieces. The drawers of the mahogany and oak furniture had been dragged open, but not emptied. The tiled floors were littered with clothes, with a miscellany of odd possessions, with pots and pans out of the kitchen and the scullery, with bags and boxes. The accumulations of life-times were displayed before me, and it was almost possible to trace the slow transforming of—young girls into brides, and brides into mothers of broods.

Within the darkness of the interiors I could discern the stairs. But I was held back from the stairs. I could get no further than the parlours, though the interest of the upper floors must have been surpassing. . . .

So from house to house. I handled nothing. Were not the military laws against looting of the most drastic character! And at last I came to the end of the little street. There are many such streets in Ypres. In fact, the majority of the streets were like that street. I did not visit them, but I have no doubt that they were in the same condition. I do not say that the inhabitants fled taking naught with them. They must obviously have taken what they could, and what was at once most precious and most portable. But they could have taken very little. They departed breathless without vehicles, and probably most of the adults had children to carry or to lead. At one moment the houses were homes, functioning as such. An alarm, infectious like the cholera, and at the next moment the deserted houses became spiritless, degenerated into intolerable museums for the amazement of a representative of the American and the British Press! Where the scurrying families went to I never even inquired. Useless to inquire. They just lost themselves on the face of the earth, and were henceforth known to mankind by the generic name of "refugees"—such of them as managed to get away alive.

After this the solitude of the suburbs, with their maimed and rusting factories, their stagnant canals, their empty lots, their high, lousy weeds, their abolished railway and tram stations, was a secondary matter leaving practically no impression on the exhausted sensibility.

A few miles on the opposite sides of the town were the German artillery positions, with guns well calculated to destroy Cathedrals and Cloth Halls. Around these guns were educated men who had spent years—indeed, most of their lives—in the scientific study of destruction. Under these men were slaves who, solely for the purposes of destruction, had ceased to be the free citizens they once were. These slaves were compelled to carry out any order given to them, under pain of death. They had, indeed, been explicitly told on the highest earthly authority that, if the order came to destroy their fathers and their brothers, they must destroy their fathers and their brothers: the instruction was public and historic. . . .

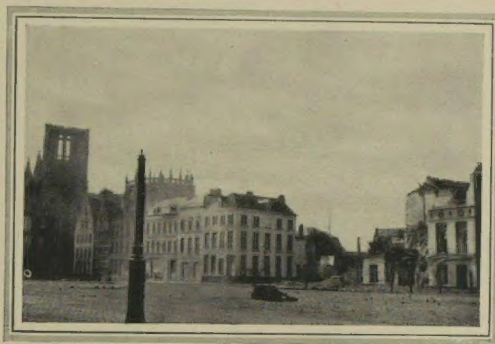
The whole organism has worked, and worked well, for the destruction of all that was beautiful in Ypres, and for the break-up of an honourable tradition extending over at least eight centuries. The operation was the direct result of an order. The order had been carefully weighed and

considered. The successful execution of it brought joy into many hearts high and low. "Another shell in the Cathedral!" And men shook hands ecstatically around the excellent guns. "A hole in the tower of the Cloth Hall." General rejoicing! "The population has fled, and Ypres is a desert!" Inexpressible enthusiasm among specially educated men, from the highest to the lowest. So it must have been. There was no hazard about the treatment of Ypres. The shells did not come into Ypres out of nowhere. Each was the climax of a long, deliberate effort originating in the brains of the responsible leaders. One is apt to forget all this.

"But," you say, "this is war, after all." After all, it just is.

THE FUTURE.

The future of Ypres exercises the mind. Ypres is only one among many martyrs. But, as matters stand at present, it is undoubtedly the chief one. In proportion to their size, scores of villages have suffered as much as Ypres, and some have suffered more. But no city of its mercantile, historical, and artistic importance has, up to now, suffered



"THE TOWER IS A SKELETON": THE CATHEDRAL AT YPRES, AND PART OF THE TOWN, DURING A BOMBARDMENT.

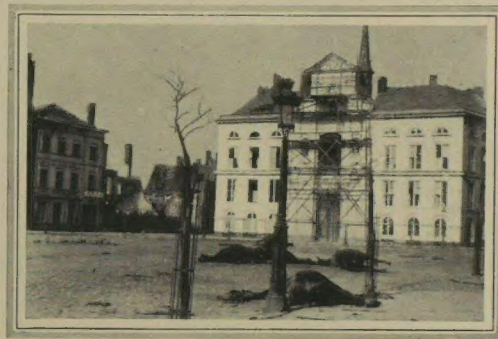


THE WRECKED CATHEDRAL, YPRES.



THE MARKET SQUARE, YPRES.

These photographs were taken some while before that on the preceding page.



IN A TOWN WHICH IS "THE VERY SYMBOL OF THE GERMAN ACHIEVEMENT IN BELGIUM": YPRES—THE MARKET SQUARE.

in the same degree as Ypres. Ypres is entitled to rank as the very symbol of the German achievement in Belgium. It stood upon the path to Calais; but that was not its crime. Even if German guns had not left one brick upon another in Ypres, the path to Calais would not thereby have been made any easier for the well-shod feet of the apostles of might, for Ypres never served as a military stronghold and could not possibly have so served; and had the Germans known how to beat the British Army in front of Ypres, they could have marched through the city as easily as a hyena through a rice-crop. The crime of Ypres was that it lay handy for the extreme irritation of an army which, with three times the men and three times the guns, and thirty times the vainglorious conceit, could not shift the trifling force opposed to it last autumn. Quite naturally the boasters were enraged. In the end, something had to give way. And the Cathedral and Cloth Hall and other defenceless splendours of Ypres gave way, not the trenches. The yearners after Calais did themselves no good by exterminating fine architecture and breaking up innocent homes, but they did experience the relief of smashing something. Therein lies the psychology of the affair of Ypres, and the reason why the Ypres of history has come to a sudden close.

In order to envisage the future of Ypres, it is necessary to get a clear general conception of the damage done to it. Ypres is not destroyed. I should estimate that when I saw it in July at least half the houses in it were standing entire, and, though disfigured, were capable of being rapidly repaired. Thousands of the humble of Ypres could return to their dwellings and resume home-life there with little trouble, provided that the economic situation was fairly favourable—and, of course, sooner or later the economic situation is bound to be favourable, for the simple reason that it must ultimately depend upon the exertions of a people renowned throughout the world for hard and continuous industry.

On the other hand, practically all that was spectacular in the city, all the leading, all the centre round which civic activities had grouped themselves for centuries, is destroyed. Take the Grande Place. If Ypres is to persist in a future at all comparable to its immediate past (to say nothing of its historic past), the privately owned buildings on the Grande Place will, without exception, have to be begun all over again, and before that task can be undertaken the foundations will have to be cleared—a tremendous undertaking in itself. I do not know how many privately owned buildings there were on the Grande Place, but I will guess a hundred and fifty, probably none of which was less than three storeys in height.

All these buildings belonged to individuals, individuals who intimately possessed them and counted on them as a source of income or well-being, individuals who are now scattered, impoverished, and acutely discouraged. The same is to be said of the Rue de Lille and of other important streets.

Suppose the Germans back again in the land of justice, modesty, and unselfishness; and suppose the property-owners of Ypres collected once more in Ypres. The enterprise of reconstruction facing them will make such a demand of initiative force and mere faith as must daunt the most audacious among them. And capital dragged out of a bankrupt Germany will by no means solve the material problem. For labour will be nearly as scarce as money; the call for labour in every field cannot fail to surpass in its urgency any call in history.

The simple contemplation of the gigantic job will be staggering. To begin with, the withered and corrupt dead will have to be excavated from the

cellars, and when that day comes those will be present who can say: "This skeleton was So-and-So's child," "That must have been my mother. . . ." Terrific hours await Ypres. . . . And when (or if) the buildings have been re-erected, tenants will have to be found for them—and then think of the wholesale refurnishing! . . .

The deep human instinct which attaches men and women to a particular spot of the earth's surface is so powerful that almost certainly the second incarnation of Ypres will be initiated, but that it will be carried

very far towards completion seems to me to be somewhat doubtful. To my mind the new Ypres cannot be more than a kind of camp amid the dark ruins of the old, and the city must remain for generations, if not for ever, a ghastly sign and illustration of what cupidity and stupidity and vanity can compass together when physical violence is their instrument.

The immediate future of Ypres, after the war, is plain. It will instantly become one of the show-places of the world. Hotels will appear out of the ground, guides and touts will pullulate at the railway station, the tour of the ruins will be mapped out, and the tourists and globe-trotters of the whole planet will follow that tour in batches like staring sheep. Much money will be amassed by a few persons out of the exhibition of misfortune and woe. A sinister fate for a community! Nevertheless, the thing must come to pass, and it is well that it should come to pass. The greater the number of people who see Ypres for themselves, the greater the hope of progress for mankind.

If the façade of the Cloth Hall can be saved, some such inscription as the following ought to be incised along the length of it—

"ON JULY 31ST, 1914, THE GERMAN MINISTER AT BRUSSELS GAVE A POSITIVE AND SOLEMN ASSURANCE THAT GERMANY HAD NO INTENTION OF VIOLATING THE NEUTRALITY OF BELGIUM. FOUR DAYS LATER THE GERMAN ARMY INVADED BELGIUM. LOOK AROUND."

When you are walking through that which was Ypres, nothing arouses a stronger feeling—half contempt, half anger—than the thought of the mean, miserable, silly, childish, and grotesque excuses which the wit of Germany has invented for her deliberately planned crime. And nothing arouses a more grim and sweet satisfaction than the thought that she already has the gravest reason to regret it, and would give her head not to have committed it. Despite all vauntings, all facile chatterings about the alleged co-operation of an unknowable and awful God, all shriekings of unity and power, all howlings about the perfect assurance of victory, all loud countings of the fruits of victory—the savage leaders of the deluded are shaking in their shoes before the anticipated sequel of an outrage ineffable alike in its barbarism and in its idiocy.

THE COWARDLY ZEPPELIN RAID OF OCT. 13: BOMB-WRECKED

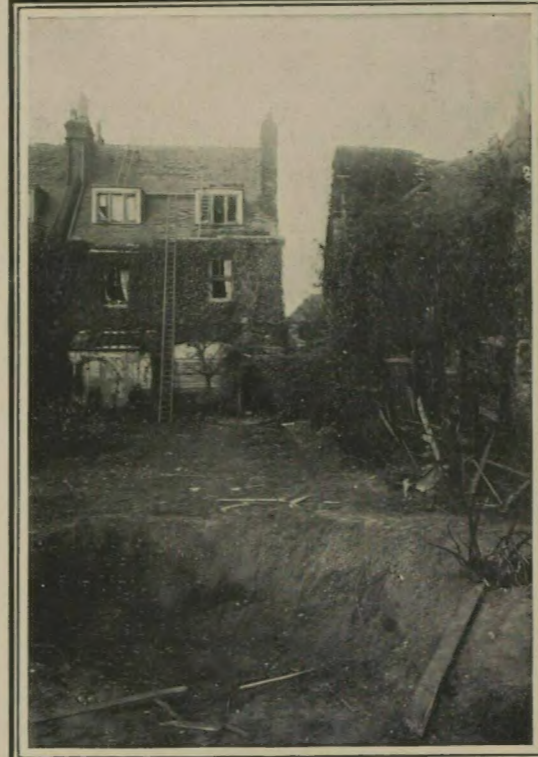
OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS

DWELLING-PLACES OF CIVILIANS AND WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

BY WALSHAM, LTD.



WHERE A BOMB FELL IN A ROAD AND DAMAGED SEVERELY EIGHT HOUSES.



IN A SUBURBAN DISTRICT: EFFECTS OF TWO SEPARATE BOMBS—ONE ON A ROOF AND ONE IN THE IMMEDIATE FOREGROUND.



WRECKED, BUT WITHOUT ANYONE BEING KILLED: A HOUSE IN A SUBURBAN AREA.



THE BACK VIEW OF SOME WRECKED HOUSES.



WHERE A BOMB KILLED TWO CHILDREN IN BED AND INJURED THE FATHER, MOTHER, AND ANOTHER CHILD: A SUBURBAN HOUSE



DAMAGE TO A BLOCK OF FLATS, IN THE SECOND AREA MENTIONED IN THE OFFICIAL REPORT: WHERE A BOMB BURST IMMEDIATELY BELOW THE WINDOW.



WHERE A BOMB FELL ON A CHIMNEY-STACK: THE TOP PART OF A LARGE HOUSE ENTIRELY WRECKED.



WHERE A BOMB FELL THAT WRECKED MORE OR LESS FOUR HOUSES: DAMAGE IN A SUBURBAN DISTRICT.

The Zeppelin raids over the London area and other districts have so far been of no military value to the enemy, nor have they in any way weakened the national determination. On the contrary, they have greatly stimulated recruiting. All that the Zeppelins have done is to cause grievous suffering to a certain number of people, nearly all civilians, and among them many women and children. The wanton cruelty of these raids is only equalled by their senseless futility. Describing the effects of the raid on the night of Oct. 13 (which is here illustrated), the Official Home Office writer says: "If we can suppose that they really had some definite objective other than the mere haphazard destruction of the lives and property of non-combatants, then, owing to the height at which they flew, they entirely failed to attain that objective. Except for one chance shot, the damage was exclusively on property unconnected with the conduct of the war. Of the 127 persons killed or injured, none, save one or two soldiers who were in the street at the time, were combatants. As for the moral effect, for which presumably the enemy is seeking, that was all to his disadvantage. . . . The population of London, though hundreds of thousands heard the sound of the bursting bombs and the guns, remained cool and free from panic. There were, if possible, even

less signs of excitement than on previous occasions. . . . When the results of the raid were examined next morning five distinct areas could be distinguished in which damage had been done. . . . The second area contains a large block of residential flats, some of which are occupied as offices. . . . One of the enemy's high-explosive bombs fell in the garden close to the flats themselves. One or two rooms on the ground floor were totally wrecked, and on the first floor considerable damage was done. Another bomb fell on the top of one of the buildings, demolishing the top storey. In this area there were no casualties, though several narrow escapes. . . . The fourth district is one consisting entirely of what may be called working-class property, with small, low buildings. . . . In the last area (a suburb) there are no military encampments, no store sheds, no aerial defences, and not even searchlights. All the property consists of semi-detached houses. . . . A striking and fortunate feature of the bombardment in this district, and, indeed, of the whole attack on this occasion, is the number of cases in which the bombs dropped not on buildings, but on the ground. In only three cases in this suburban area were houses actually struck, though, of course, the force of the explosion was sufficient to destroy whole houses, even at a considerable distance."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALSHAM, LTD.

GERMANY'S IDEA OF MILITARY OBJECTIVES! WRECKED SUBURBAN HOUSES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH BY WALSHAM, LTD.



THE RAID OF OCT. 13: WHERE A BOMB FELL—ON THE LEFT, THE BED FROM WHICH A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER WERE THROWN INTO THE STREET; ON THE RIGHT, WHERE A BOY IN A COT WAS PINNED UNDER THE ROOF.

In the Home Office account of the Zeppelin raid of October 13 is the following: "In the last area covered by the raid (this time in a suburb) there is not a single factory or business house, and hardly any shops. There are no military encampments, no store-sheds, no aerial defences, and not even searchlights. All the property consists of detached or semi-detached houses, surrounded by small gardens. It was in this district that, for some obscure reason, the largest number of bombs were dropped. . . . In one instance, a bomb

fell on a narrow passage separating two houses, the entire fronts of which were blown out, causing the upper bedroom floors to collapse. In one of the upper bedrooms a mother and daughter were sleeping. They were thrown out on to the street through the place where the ground-floor window should have been. . . . In the next house a little boy lying in his cot was buried under the debris of the wrecked roof of the house, and in order to release him the whole roof had to be lifted up, so securely was the cot pinned down."

WAR CHANGES AND HONOURS: PERSONALITIES OF THE MOMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., TOPICAL, LAFAYETTE, C.P., AND NEWS ILLUS.

PERSONAL NOTES.

IT was announced by the War Office on October 18: "General Sir C. C. Monro, K.C.B., has been appointed to the command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force in succession to General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., who is returning to England to make a report. Pending the arrival of General Sir C. C. Monro, Lieut-General Sir W. R. Birdwood, K.C.S.I., K.C.M.G., C.B., C.I.E., D.S.O., has been appointed temporarily to command the Force." Sir Charles Carmichael Monro was born in June 1860. He was given a Divisional Command in France last year. Sir Ian Hamilton is on the left of our group. Then (from left to right) are Colonel Pollen, Sir Ian's

(Continued opposite.)



RETURNING TO ENGLAND TO MAKE A REPORT: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, WHO IS BEING SUCCEEDED BY GENERAL MONRO—CHEERING AFTER DECORATING FRENCH OFFICERS.

PERSONAL NOTES.

(Continued.) military secretary; General Braithwaite; Capt. Maitland; and Colonel Aspinall. Sir W. R. Birdwood is the commander of the Australian and New Zealand troops at Gallipoli. Sir Ian Hamilton wrote of him: "Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. R. Birdwood has been the soul of Anzac." General Birdwood was Military Secretary to Lord Kitchener during the South African War, and, later, in India. He was Secretary to the Government of India in the Army Department. He was born in 1865. In our illustration, he is seen with Admiral Thursby. It was announced recently: "Other South African regiments have also arrived [in England], under Brig.-Gen. H. T. Lukin, lately Commandant-

(Continued below.)



COMMANDING SOUTH AFRICAN REGIMENTS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY: BRIG.-GENERAL H. T. LUKIN.



THE NEW COMMANDER OF OUR MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: GENERAL SIR C. C. MONRO.



RESIGNED FROM THE CABINET: SIR EDWARD CARSON, COALITION ATTORNEY-GENERAL.



AN "ANZAC" WINNER OF THE V.C.: 2ND LIEUT. HUGO VIVIAN HOPE THROSSSELL.



WINNER OF THE THIRD VICTORIA CROSS OF THE EAST SURREYS: 2ND LIEUT. B. H. GEARY.



TEMPORARY COMMANDER AT THE DARDANELLES: GENERAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD.

(Continued.) General of the Cape Forces. General Henry Timson Lukin, who was born in May 1860, first saw active service in the South African War of 1899, and he has been associated with Africa ever since, fighting with great distinction.—On the morning of October 19 it was announced that Sir Edward Carson had resigned his position in the Cabinet—that of Attorney-General, and it was asserted that he had resigned not in consequence of the controversy over National Service, but in connection with affairs in the Balkans. Sir Edward Carson became Attorney-General when the Coalition Cabinet was completed on May 25 last.—The magnificent work of the "Anzacs" on the Gallipoli Peninsula has been widely recognised, and eight of the ten new V.C.'s gazetted on October 15

were awarded to Australians and one to a New Zealander. 2nd Lieut. Hugo Vivian Hope Throssell, of the 10th Light Horse Regiment, Australian Imperial Force, won his Cross during operations on Hill 60, Gallipoli. Although severely wounded, he refused to leave his post or obtain medical assistance till danger was past, when he had his wounds dressed and returned to the firing-line.—2nd Lieut. B. H. Geary, 4th Battalion (attached 1st Battalion), East Surreys, has won the third Victoria Cross awarded to his regiment during the war. On Hill 60, near Ypres, on April 20 and 21, he rallied men in a crater and held the position until dawn, when he was badly wounded. He played Rugby for England, against France; and was formerly a master at the Forest School, Walthamstow.

A NEW BRITISH AND FRENCH BATTLE-GROUND: THE BALKAN THEATRE.

A MAP OF THE BALKAN CAMPAIGN AREA—SCALE, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ INCHES TO 40 MILES.

This map not only shows the principal places mentioned in the official messages and telegrams from day to day, but also the important strategical railways of the Near East, and how the lines in Serbia run in relation to the Bulgarian frontier. It delineates the rugged and mountainous nature of the country, presenting enormous physical difficulties to an invader, in particular to the north and north-west of Nish, where the Serbians are

expected to concentrate in force and make their main stand, along positions prepared in anticipation. The position of Pristina in the extreme west of the country and close to the Montenegrin frontier is a noteworthy point. To that town the Serbs are stated to intend removing the seat of Government should Nish be seriously threatened before the French and British reinforcing expeditionary troops have time to arrive in sufficient numbers.

WAR ON THE ROOF OF THE WORLD: AN ITALIAN SIEGE-GUN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROCHEREL.



FOR FIRING HEAVY HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS OVER INTERVENING RIDGES AT FORTIFICATIONS PERCHED ON ALMOST INACCESSIBLE HEIGHTS: AN ITALIAN 305-MM. SIEGE-GUN BOMBARDING A TRENTINO MOUNTAIN FORT ON A DISTANT PEAK.

In addition to mountain-guns and field-guns, the Italians are using their heaviest siege-artillery against the Austrian forts in the mountain campaign, firing from second-line positions, often over intervening ridges, out of view of the objects to be hit. They fire with a trajectory-curve hundreds of feet overhead, and above their own gunners attacking directly with lighter pieces from valleys in advance within sight of the enemy's forts. Airmen circling high overhead, and in touch with the big-gun detachments by wireless, guide the shooting and check and report results direct to the firing-points.

In that way successful practice is possible at the enormous ranges to which a big gun like that shown in the above illustration, a 305-mm. or 12-inch, can range with its huge projectiles. High-angle fire is practically the only reliable method of subduing forts placed, as the Austrian forts are, on inaccessible crags whence they can bring a destructive plunging fire on to the valley passes below. The steep angle of descent at which the projectiles from the Italian guns at long range come down enables them to search out the inmost recesses of the mountain-tops, often with tremendously destructive effect.

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



A GREAT FEAT OF SCIENCE OF ANCIENT ROME: PLINY THE ELDER OBSERVING THE ERECTION OF VELOURS FROM THE SAFETY OF HIS BOAT.



A RESULT OF THE FAMOUS NATURALISTS' DESIRE TO OBSERVE THE ERECTION AT CLOSE QUARTERS AND TO AID THOSE IN DANGER: THE DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER BY SUFFOCATION.



A TRAGIC SCENE TO THE GREAT ERECTION BY REPORTED IN 79 A.D.: THE FISHING OF THE BODY OF PLINY THE ELDER BY BOAT AT CORN. C.B.A.S.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

NEW DEVELOPMENTS IN AERONAUTICS.

WAR has done much for many infant sciences, and it is not too much to say that aeronautics can date its advances almost entirely by the international struggles in which it has played a part. Born in 1783 of the skill and daring of François and Etienne Montgolfier, it made its military debut at the Battle of Fleurus, and since then captive balloons have been regularly used in war by most European nations for purposes of observation. In 1870, as everybody knows, free balloons were employed to communicate between beleaguered Paris and the provinces outside the investment, a practical application of aeronautics now superseded by wireless telegraphy. Both the dirigible air-ship and the aeroplane owe their rapid development to the quickness with which France, ever first in science, grasped the advantages which they might give the nation using them in warfare. Although they had long been a feature in the peace manoeuvres of most European armies, the first time they were employed on anything like a practical scale was in the short-lived Italo-Turkish War; while the Zeppelin was avowedly designed for warlike purposes. Those who like to look into the causes of things may care to note that in scientific matters the pursuit of money is not the only stimulant to research, and that it is patriotism which is most likely to induce statesmen, as distinguished from politicians, to spend the nation's money in encouraging invention.

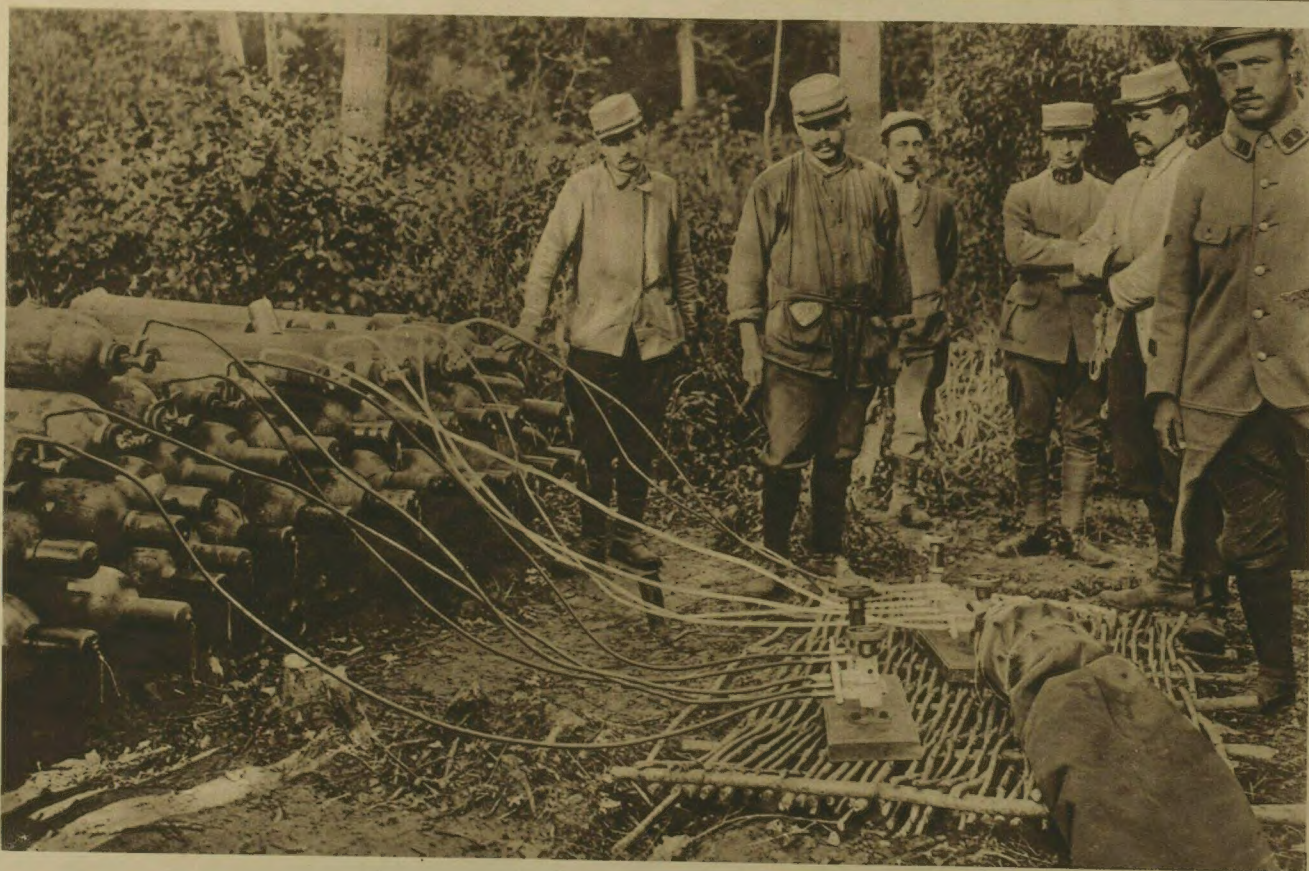
The lines along which these advances have been made have also been marked out by science pursued

for the most part for its own sake. Hydrogen, discovered by Paracelsus, but first scientifically studied by Cavendish, proved so much superior to the heated air used for the lifting of the first aerostats that it is now alone employed for military balloons. The explosion-engine which has made the steering of aircraft practicable was originally a scientific toy, although it must be admitted that the use of petrol instead of gas as the ultimate driving power was taken over by the aeronauts from the motor-car industry. In every other improvement science has reigned supreme. A modern work on aeroplanes is as full of differential equations as the lucubrations of Sir Joseph Larmor or Sir J. J. Thomson on the æther, and the National Physical Laboratory has become a sort of consulting-room whither designers of new aeroplanes go to know if their practical suggestions are in accord with mathematical theory.

Across the Channel progress has been marked more, perhaps, by actual experiment than by pure calculation. The hard pioneer work performed by the Engineer Captain, Charles Renard, culminated in 1885 in the production of the first really dirigible balloon, "La France," and the public attention was captured for the new science by the flights of M. Santos Dumont some six years later. M. Blériot's successful flight in an aeroplane from Paris to our shores showed both ourselves and our Allies of what the heavier-than-air machine was capable; and the daring exploits of Pégoud—now, alas! no longer with us—proved that even a capsizing with it did not necessarily mean disaster. But it was the outbreak of the present war which really gave aeronautics its chance. From the very start free and captive balloons, monoplanes, and

biplanes have been used in it both for reconnaissances and as directors of artillery fire; and now there seems at least a chance that the less unwieldy aircraft may develop an offensive which might well have a decisive influence on the struggle. The French are said to have constructed a "super-avion" or large triplane with its engines well protected by armour, and carrying, besides the now usual machine-gun on the lower deck, a quick-firer of considerable calibre on the upper plane. Such a machine would be a most formidable opponent to a Zeppelin. Thanks to the fact that the gondolas which carry the Zeppelin armament are suspended at a great distance below the gas-bags, they form most unsteady gun-platforms; while anything like high-angle fire from them is, of course, impossible. Yet it is not so much in the air as on the land that the super-avion bids high for supremacy. French originality and resource has worked out a scheme by which aeroplanes in daring hands can attack land forces in their most vital spot. We hear on what seems good authority that a French aeroplane lately swooped on a German troop-train like a kite on a hen-roost and pursued it at a very low elevation for miles, while it poured in a deadly fire from its mitrailleuse through the windows. If this feat were repeated with heavier weapons on a larger scale, it would seem likely to end either in Germany abandoning the railways on which her armies have hitherto relied for reinforcements and supplies or in bringing up artillery to protect her trains as well as her trenches. Are we on the eve of a new development in aeronautics?

F. L.



THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING AN AERONAUTICAL DEVICE USED SINCE THE BATTLE OF FLEURUS: FILLING A FRENCH CAPTIVE BALLOON FROM CYLINDERS OF HYDROGEN. The accompanying article mentions that, since the battle of Fleurus (1794) captive balloons have been regularly used in war by most European nations for purposes of observation. On the left is a battery of hydrogen gas-cylinders attached to the supply pipe of the balloon.—[Official Photograph issued by the French War Office. Supplied by Sport and General.]

MURDERER OF CIVILIANS: A ZEPPELIN RAIDER.



"LIKE A THIEF IN THE NIGHT": ONE OF THE FLEET OF HOSTILE AIRSHIPS WHICH RAIDED THIS COUNTRY ON OCTOBER 13 OVER THE LONDON AREA—SHELLS FROM ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS BURSTING ABOUT IT.

The verdict upon the air-raid on the Eastern Counties and a portion of the London area on the night of October 13 may be summed up in two words: "No panic." It has been officially stated that: "Except for one chance shot, the damage was exclusively on property unconnected with the conduct of the war," and that "the population of London, though hundreds of thousands heard the sound of the bursting bombs and the guns, remained cool and free from panic." Indeed, the description of imperturbable London suggests curiosity rather than excitement, although, of course, there were, later,

resentment and regret for the lives lost and the damage done without the shadow of military excuse. The picturesque vision of the shadowy enemy sailing overhead and dealing death here and there on man, woman, or child without discrimination, suggests a Whistlerian Nocturne. If to terrorise the "Metropolitan area" was its immediate object, the raid was an abject failure. London regrets the occurrence from the personal and humane points of view; but its military result has been the stimulation of recruiting and the deepening of the resolution to defeat the enemy utterly and bring him to his knees.

THE MURDER THAT FLIES BY NIGHT: DETAILS OF ZEPPELINS—

Nos. 4 AND 6 BY COURTESY

GERMAN DIRIGIBLES WHICH HAVE RAIDED THE LONDON AREA.

OF "L'ILLUSTRATION."



SHOWING THE GREAT SIZE OF A MODERN GERMAN AIRSHIP: THE CORRIDOR OF A ZEPPELIN, AND ONE OF ITS CARS AT THE FURTHER END.



WHEN FRANCE HAD AN OPPORTUNITY OF THOROUGHLY EXAMINING A ZEPPELIN: FRENCH OFFICERS ENTERING THE CORRIDOR OF THE ONE THAT DESCENDED AT LUNÉVILLE.



SIMILAR TO THE AIRCRAFT SEEN BY MANY PEOPLE THE GERMAN AIRSHIP



SHOWING THE METHOD OF ANCHORING A ZEPPELIN TO THE GROUND WITH ITS CARS, AND

THE following description of the Zeppelin "Z 16," which came down at Lunéville on April 3, 1915, was given in an article published at the time by our Paris contemporary, "L'Illustration": "This Zeppelin measured about 486 feet in length; its diameter was about 45 feet, its cubic capacity from 706,340 to 882,925 cubic feet. It was supplied with three motors of 180 h.p., each made by M. Maybach, a former engineer of the Mercedes firm. One of the motors is in the front car—that of the commander. This motor works two propellers, of two blades each, placed beneath the dirigible, one on each side. At the back an ingenious fitting of the two motors, with quadruple connection, allows the working of the two propellers at will—these have four blades—either separately or together. With regard to the speed of the dirigible, it is impossible to fix it. This Zeppelin affects the classic shape of rigid airships of the well-known type. The upper parts of the two cars, each accessible by means of a large porthole, communicate by a central corridor in the shape of a V, which runs like a keel underneath the Zeppelin. The metal part of the dirigible consists of a long, rigid beam made of special metal which is called 'duraluminium.' The two ends, shaped like rounded points, are much alike. Over all the metal framework sail-cloth is stretched, which is in direct contact with the air; this is the protective covering, inside which are sixteen small independent balloons made of ordinary balloon material, which contain hydrogen. Through this corridor pass all the metal 'ropes' of the dirigible for the rudders of direction or stabilisation, as well as the metal 'ropes' of the water-ballasts, large water sacks, which constitute the ballast and are placed between the small

(Continued opposite.)



IN ENGLAND DURING NOCTURNAL RAIDS: "HANSA" IN FLIGHT.



GROUND: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORRIDOR ALONG THE KEEL, TWO OF THE PROPELLERS.

Continued.] balloons with an opening for the flow near the keel of the airship. From the commander's car all the water-ballasts can be opened, and, consequently, they can be emptied at will. The inside of the balloon is particularly interesting. The narrow floor is very bright and made of aluminium, and all around, and especially above, there are those tiny, but numerous, strengthened beams, all of the same model, with interchangeable parts, which constitute one of the peculiarities of the construction of a Zeppelin. The metal used is always the same, 'duraluminium.' In the middle of the corridor is the commander's room. There can be seen a registering altimeter, a photographic dark-room, with all accessories for quick printing and developing, and finally, another room containing a wireless installation, the antenna of which, suspended beneath this room, is fixed in the middle of an enormous isolator of white glass. On the walls of the corridor are hung, in perfect order, ropes, spare pieces, pick-axes, spades, etc.; and near the car in front, between the small balloons, a grilled metal well, oval in shape, ascends towards the top of the dirigible to come out on its upper part where there is a small platform, from 26 to 32 feet square, carrying a small netting. This platform, which was bare, was obviously intended to carry one or two mitrailleuses, and two others could be placed in the cars. The working of detail is remarkable and there is a great wealth of various instruments—barometers, thermometers, etc., which show the great care taken in the fitting out of the dirigible. It is a very fine piece of mechanism. One realises the great and persistent effort made to perfect it, but one cannot put much faith in the solidity of the structure."



A TYPE OF GERMAN AIRCRAFT FROM WHICH BOMBS HAVE BEEN DROPPED ON THE LONDON AREA: ONE OF THE CARS OF A ZEPPELIN, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CORRIDOR ABOVE.



INSIDE A ZEPPELIN'S CAR: THE INTERIOR OF THE REAR GONDOLA OF THE "Z 16," PHOTOGRAPHED WHEN IT DESCENDED AT LUNÉVILLE ON APRIL 3, 1915.

Perhaps the point about Zeppelins which chiefly interests the Londoner, and inhabitants of other raided places, is the means by which they may be attacked. Mr. E. S. Bruce writes, in his book "Aircraft in War": "In reference to airship raids over cities, it has been suggested in America that the air in their immediate neighbourhood should be mined. This could be done by having a number of captive balloons or kites, the mines on which could be discharged electrically from the ground. For future wars there will no doubt be devised some form of travelling aerial torpedoes for destroying the intruding airships. Such torpedoes would, however, have to be capable of guidance. . . . It is quite conceivable that in the future aerial torpedoes may be devised in the shape of unmanned balloons or aeroplanes controlled by wireless waves of electricity. Those who saw the striking experiment of steering a small navigable balloon

in a large hall entirely by wireless electric waves must have realised the possibilities which may thus be opened out in the future." As regards the number of Zeppelins now possessed by Germany, nothing, of course, can be definitely stated. Some suggestive remarks on this subject are made in another very useful and interesting little book, "Aircraft in the German War," by Mr. H. Massac Buist, published last winter. "Germany," he writes, "has contrived most skillfully to conceal from the world knowledge of the precise extent of the fleet of giant Zeppelins she actually possessed at the time war broke out. It was imagined to be at the utmost a score to a couple of dozen, whereas the fact is it was at least forty-five, according to figures obtained from sources which it is impossible to doubt." A certain number of Zeppelins have, of course, been since put out of action.

IN THE CHALK OF CHAMPAGNE: REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS

OF THE FRENCH PREPARING FOR THE GREAT OFFENSIVE.



INSIDE A MINE-CRATER CLOSE TO THE GERMAN FIRST LINE: THE FRENCH PREPARING THE POSITION



A MINE-CRATER IN REAR OF THE FRENCH LINES BEING TURNED INTO A MAGAZINE AND ARTILLERY STOREHOUSE: A LIGHT



FOR THE USE OF TROOPS TO BE MASSED PREPARATORY TO AN ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY.



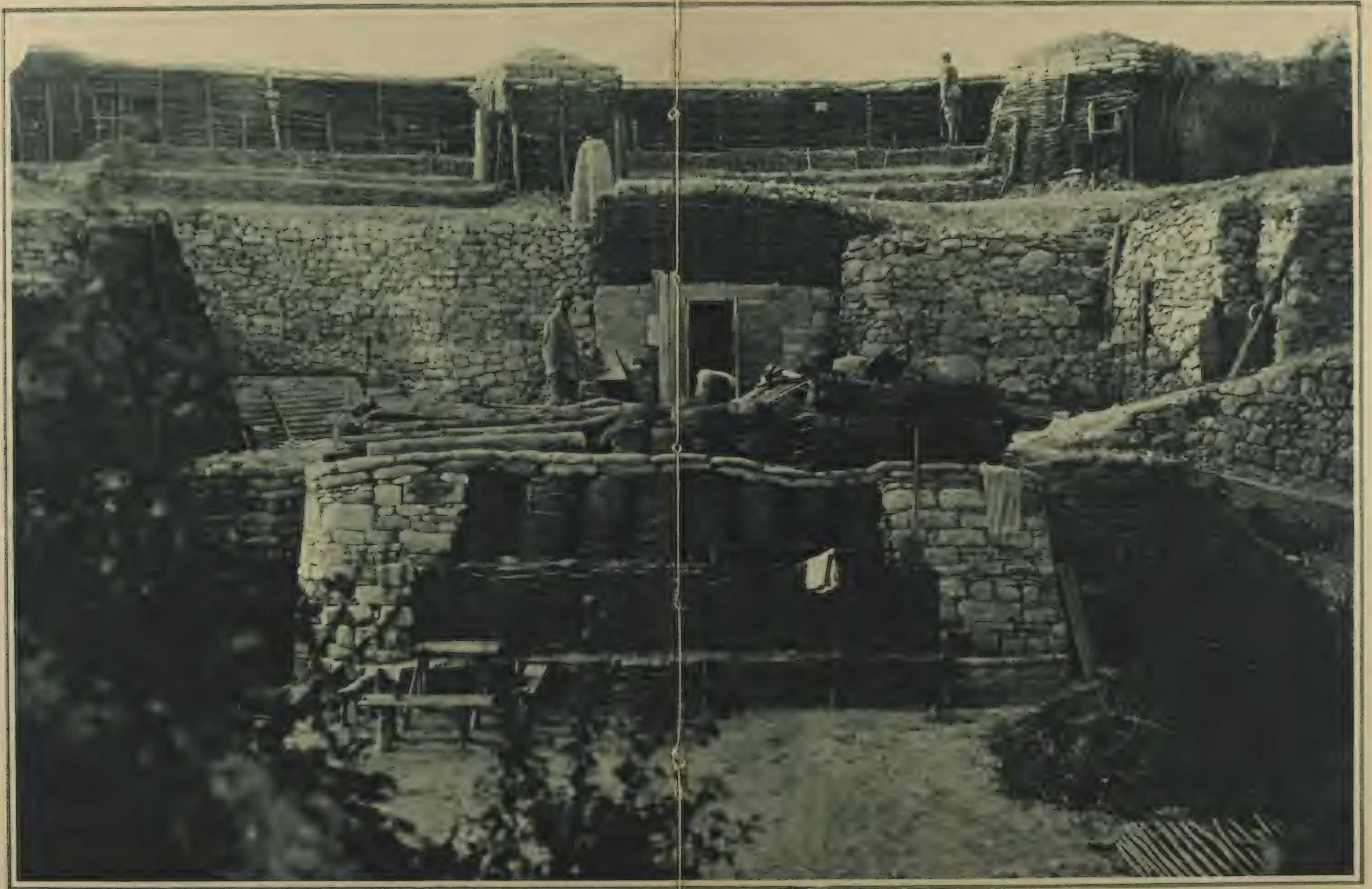
RAILWAY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE TRANSPORT OF AERIAL TORPEDOES AND OTHER MUNITIONS, AND TREE-TRUNKS FOR SHELTERS.

In addition to bombarding the German positions continuously with heavy artillery, in order to shatter a passage through their rows of trenches and clear a way for the further carrying on of the main advance, all along the French front in Champagne the siege-warfare against the enemy's fortified positions is proceeding vigorously on the same lines as before, by means of mining and counter-mining by day and night. Step by step, the siege-operations carry the French line of advance forward and enable the consolidation of every fresh gain to be accomplished. Every mine blown up under the German trenches is followed by a push forward of the French in force to seize and fortify the crater and convert it into a fortress on a small scale where troops can be massed under cover and held in preparation for an assault on the next set of enemy trenches beyond. The upper illustration shows one of

these mine-craters in process of being so prepared for a fresh "jumping-off place." Already, as will be seen, an outside wire-entanglement barricade has been run round the exterior of the heap of debris at the edge of the crater towards the enemy, and a surrounding trench-line wall, with loopholes constructed of sand-bags, erected within the wire on the inner rim of the crater. In the lower illustration is seen a crater captured earlier and now lying in rear of the French advanced trenches. It is being utilised as a sheltered storehouse, or magazine for trench-munitions, land-torpedoes, timber logs and props, corrugated iron, and similar material, thus kept in a convenient position for rapid conveyance to the batteries close in advance. The light railway (a "voie Decauville") will be noticed.

THREE-STOREYED FRENCH FIELD-FORTIFICATIONS: A CORNER OF A FIRST-LINE TRENCH IN CHAMPAGNE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH ISSUED BY THE FRENCH ARMY. (SUPPLIED BY S. AND G.)



A TRIUMPH OF FIELD-ENGINEERING: AN EXAMPLE OF FRANCE'S REMARKABLE SKILL IN DEFENCE-WORKS AND DUG-OUT SHELTERS.

So much has been written about the strength and solidity of the German lines of defence, and the depth of their dug-outs, that it might almost be thought the enemy had a monopoly in the skilful construction of trenches and field-works! This is by no means the case, for both the French lines and our own are remarkable for their efficiency. As regards the former, this photograph affords a striking example. The massiveness of the work, which is in three storeys, is self-evident. Besides solid walls of stone,

there are numerous sand-bags and gabions, or cylindrical baskets filled with earth. On the ground to the right is an entrance to a dug-out which apparently vies in depth with any German specimen. It may be recalled that Lord Kitchener, when he visited the French front, expressed great admiration for all that he saw. "The British Field-Marshal," said a French official account, "was able to realise the plan on which our trenches are constructed."

THE FRENCH ARMY AND ITS CHIEF: INCIDENTS IN AND BEHIND THE FIRING-LINE IN THE WEST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. D'A.



GENERAL JOFFRE AT A SPOT WHERE NAPOLEON DIRECTED A VICTORY OVER BLÜCHER: AT LUNCH BESIDE THE MONUMENT OF MONTMIRAIL.



FRENCH INFANTRY ADVANCING OVER OPEN GROUND UNDER FIRE OF THE FIRST LINE, AHEAD OF HIS



ARTILLERY FIRE, IN A SERIES OF RUSHES: A MAN COMRADES, DIGGING HIMSELF IN.



MORE ENJOYABLE THAN THAT OF THE KAISER: DEJEUNER IN THE FIELD WITH GENERAL JOFFRE (ON THE LEFT).



DANGEROUS WORK WHERE MANY TREES ARE BROUGHT DOWN BY SHELL-FIRE: A FRENCH ARTILLERY OBSERVER ON THE LOOK-OUT.



THE PILGRIMAGE OF NOTRE DAME DE LORETTE IN FRONT OF ALL THAT NOW REMAINS



1915: A FRENCH MILITARY CHAPLAIN AT PRAYER IN FRONT OF THE SHATTERED SANCTUARY.



"SURELY YOU ARE TWINS!" GENERAL MAUD'HUY TALKING TO TWO FRENCH INFANTRYMEN, VERY MUCH ALIKE, IN ALSACE.

These interesting photographs illustrate various phases in the operations of our gallant French Allies. The two corner ones in the upper row and that on the right underneath help to explain the good feeling and camaraderie existing in the French Army, both between the higher command and other officers, and between officers and men. In the first two we see General Joffre taking a simple lunch with members of his Staff in the open air. Ostentation and formality are conspicuous by their absence. That on the right was taken by the roadside near the battle front in Champagne. General Joffre is reported to have remarked to his companions after the meal: "The German Emperor will no doubt have had a more elaborate luncheon to-day than this one, but I am sure that he did not enjoy his half as much as we did ours." The photograph on the left shows the genial French Generalissimo taking another simple repast *sur le champ* at the foot of the monument at Montmirail commemorating the French victory there over one of Blücher's armies on February 11, 1814. The monument stands on the very spot from which Napoleon directed the battle. In the present war the monument saw the German Army under von Bülow advance towards Paris and

afterwards hastily retreat. They did not damage the monument, but a shell seems to have grazed the fluting of the shaft of the column (on the right near the base). Towards the end of September, when the great battles in Champagne and Artois were in progress, General Joffre naturally spent much of his time passing from one point to another of the front. With him in the Montmirail photograph are Colonel Pons and Captain Thouzelier. General Maud'huy, who is here seen chatting with two French soldiers so alike that he guesses they are twins, took a distinguished part in the Battle of the Marne, and was then placed in command of the Tenth Army, with which he made such a splendid stand against von Bülow's army north of Arras during last October. This stand prevented the Germans from breaking through to the Channel ports and Paris by the Arras route. Though Arras was wrecked, the French line was unbroken. More recently General Maud'huy has been in command of the Army of the Vosges, and has done brilliant work there. When he was twenty he joined the Chasseurs Alpin (the famous "Blue Devils," as they are nicknamed) and as a member of that regiment was for some years a Professor at the School of War.

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF THE BATTLE IN CHAMPAGNE: FRENCH TROOPS WATCHING THE FIRE OF THEIR ARTILLERY.



A MODERN BATTLEFIELD AS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: FRENCH INFANTRY IN TRENCHES, WITH REINFORCEMENTS GROUPED BY SECTIONS IN THE OPEN, DURING THE CONCENTRATION OF THEIR ARTILLERY FIRE ON THE SECOND GERMAN LINE, PREPARATORY TO AN ADVANCE.

This photograph, which gives a most vivid and dramatic idea of the aspect of a modern battlefield, was taken during the action which resulted in the great French victory in Champagne. In the background may be descried the smoke of French shells bursting along the German second line. In the middle distance are French infantry reinforcements, grouped by sections in folds of ground in the open. The horse being led off to the right gives movement to the scene. In the foreground are other French troops waiting in the trenches, all looking eagerly towards the front in attitudes of tense expectation. All are wearing the new steel helmets. In an account of the battle by Mr. H. Warner Allen, an official British Press representative with the French army, we read: "A thrill of wild excitement and expectation ran through the long line of French trenches cut white in the chalk of the Champagne Poulleuse. . . . For

three days there had been one long, unending cannonade. . . . The whole countryside, with its bare, undulating hills broken here and there by sad, shell-torn fir-woods, was hidden beneath the smoke of countless bursting shells. . . . Then suddenly the noise of artillery ceased, and along more than fifteen miles of trenches a wave of men scrambled over the parapets and dashed madly forward across the open ground that separated them from the enemy. . . . The men who charged were clad in faded pale-blue uniforms that scarcely showed at all against the chalky background. . . . Every man was wearing the new trench-helmet, a light casque of blued steel, which will protect a man's brain-pan from shell-splinter, shrapnel, or grenade. It has saved many a man's life. . . . In a few minutes along a front of fifteen miles the French had broken their way into the first line of the German defences."



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THERE is an ugly symbol of our time in the accident that the word "typewriter" may refer either to a machine or to a lady. Our plutocracy is seldom quite so candid about its clockwork cruelty as in this particular case. The mechanical servitude described long ago in "The Song of the Shirt" still exists, as do most of the abuses denounced by Hood and Dickens and the great humanitarians of the past. But we do not actually call the seamstress a sewing-machine. The operative in the factories may be, as the Socialist satirists say, a mere cogwheel in a machine. But he is not affectionately called "cog-wheel" or "cog" among his intimates. We do not call the telephone-girl a telephone—whatever else we may sometimes feel inclined to call her. But there is a whole detective story in the possibilities arising out of the double sense of the word "typewriter." It would be easy to construct a complication of narrative by which the most harmless literary man, who had merely taken his typewriting machine to pieces, might be plausibly accused of having dismembered and made away with the body of his secretary.

I say our commercial language is seldom so candid, though it comes near to it even in the common expression of "hands" for workmen. And it is one of the four or five most important aspects of the present war that it is largely a conflict between men regarded as "hands" and men at least intermittently regarded as heads and hearts. This does not mean that Germany, any more than any other great modern State, is mechanical and nothing else. It may be conceded that in the directly military qualities of courage or loyalty the Germans have an equality with their enemies. But the Germans have a superiority in mechanism only, if they have any superiority at all. Even in the matter of numbers, of course, the new pretence of the Germans that they are the weaker and more injured party is quite absurd. The war into which they entered with energy, and out of which they hoped to come with success, was one in which they enormously outnumbered all possible opponents—in men as much as in munitions. They would even then have admitted that the war in a year's time would be much more difficult for them. But they would have added that the war in a year's time would be over. That the British and Russian Empires had populations that might ultimately be used if the German plan failed, was a fact naturally irrelevant for those who believed it would succeed. It is as if Crippen had said he was the weaker party acting in self-defence, because there are more women than men in England. But when we pass from the matter of men to the matter of munitions, the German action is more obviously and overwhelmingly a mere abuse of strength. In Russia the tide is indeed turning against the Germans; but it is not even yet because the Russians have superior or even equal munitionment. It is because the Germans needed an almost miraculous material superiority to contend against a moral superiority. In short, the great mechanical State started with a numerical advantage in slaves of all kinds; but it had more advantage in dead slaves than in living ones! It had concentrated on its machinery as machinery rather than on its manhood

as manhood: concentrated with a close and scientific calculation in which there was only one logical flaw.

That flaw was an unconsidered fact—the fact that a man can make a machine, but a machine cannot make a man. It is typical of Bismarck that he missed this distinction even in speaking about "methods of blood and iron." It is useless to keep all your iron when you have shed all your blood. So long as a Russian peasant has remained whole and healthy enough to work an old plough, he is whole and healthy enough to make a new gun. It is only a question of teaching him how to do it. But a circle of Prussian professors would have need of considerable educational persistence and forbearance while engaged in teaching a new gun how to make a whole peasant. This is a very practical matter, for it means that one kind of wastage can always be repaired, while another kind cannot. But, like most very practical things, it is also very mystical. The cheapest and most childish of all the taunts of the Pacifists is, I think, the sneer

to hope for victory when the Germans also hope for it. To say that our conviction can be contradicted is simply to say that it can be understood. I am not bound to abandon my paradoxical fancy to the effect that Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare because another man believes firmly that it was Bacon and another that it was John Knox. I am permitted by the laws of logic to set my grounds of certainty against his, and not merely his certainty against my certainty. But, indeed, in this case the controversy is peculiarly needless. For that mass which is the mind of the German nation is not convinced of God; but, on the contrary, of the absence of God. And Germans hold, with excellent reason, that the absence of God would be very much on their side. As for the German Emperor, he is neither a diabolist nor a divine-righter. He is a journalist. Examine any of his famous phrases intelligently, and you will come to the conclusion that he is a tired journalist. His deity is a cliché, and not a creed. One of his clichés, for instance, was that the Germans are "the salt of the earth," evidently using in the vulgar, unthinking sense of the staple or substance—that is, the meat of the earth. But salt is not a *pièce de résistance*. It is a corrective. It is the priest, not the man. The meaning of salt is that there exists something which we cannot live on, but cannot live without.

The Kaiser, therefore, does not mean divine assistance, because he does not mean anything. But we, as I have said, can use the phrase in a sense in which it does mean something. It means, first, that we are fighting for a certain proclamation nailed up by the Emperor Constantine, which most of the tribes beyond the Rhine were ready to tear down then and are ready to tear down now. But it also means what has been already suggested: that the forces on our side are the things natural and not made with hands—nay, that in a sense man is fighting to keep the mastery over the works

of his hands, which have risen against him. And just as our saying that God is on our side has more accuracy than we realise when we use it, so our other saying that time is on our side has more accuracy also. In a duel between a man and a motor-car, a man always goes down first. But if the man is not killed he recovers; and if he recovers, the man can pull the motor to pieces because a man has put it together. I have heard motorists of the more furry and offensive sort discussing very calmly how they had just gone through a village and very nearly gone through a villager. Their sociological theory seemed to be that the villager was indulging in a very desperate and suicidal experiment in living in his own village. Just as these prosperous persons thought it very reckless of the English peasant to be in the middle of the road, I do not doubt that the Germans think it very reckless of the Russian peasant to be in the middle of the earth. These things are a very practical allegory. If the existing Russians could not make shell, their children would learn to make it. But motors are not the mothers of motors, neither do guns breed guns; and to say that they trust in their chariots, but we in the Creator of the world, is not cant but philosophy.

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Photo, Typical.
THE PREMIER OF FRANCE WHO HAS TAKEN OVER THE PORTFOLIO OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS: M. VIVIANI.

The resignation of M. Delcassé as French Foreign Minister, and M. Viviani's assumption of that office in addition to the Premiership, were announced on October 13. M. Viviani declined to read in the Chamber of Deputies M. Delcassé's letter giving reasons for his resignation, but said that "there has never been any disagreement on the question of policy between M. Delcassé and the Cabinet." M. Delcassé, it will be recalled, joined in bringing about the Anglo-Franco-Russian Convention of September 5, 1914, pledging the Allies not to consider a separate peace.



Photo, Heart Manual.
THE FAMOUS FRENCH STATESMAN WHO HAS RESIGNED THE POST OF FOREIGN MINISTER: M. DELCASSÉ.

at belligerents for appealing to the God of Battles. It is ludicrously illogical, for we obviously have no right to kill for victory save when we have a right to pray for it. If a war is not a holy war, it is an unholy war—a massacre. Mr. Bernard Shaw, in his vain search for some subject of disagreement with his countrymen over this matter, fell into a cant curiously unworthy of him in saying that the churches should be shut up in war time. Assuredly if the churches ought to be shut up, the recruiting stations ought to be shut up also. And this Mr. Shaw does not want any more than the rest of us. But while the statement that God is on our side is merely another way of saying that we are justified in having a side, there is another and more special sense in which we can use so transcendental a phrase. Those primary and pre-human elements whose work we are uphold us against the cocksureness of the kingdom of clockwork. God is on our side because Man is on our side; and a man is one of the things that men cannot make.

In this age of unreason it may be necessary here to note that such a cosmic confidence is in no way answered by the statement that the Germans make the same claim. It is no more illogical to appeal to God when the Germans also appeal to Him than it is

VOLUNTARY SERVICE'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY: THE CHIEF RECRUITER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUSSELL.



Director of Recruiting in Great Britain: The Earl of Derby, P.C., G.C.V.O.

It was announced on October 6 that Lord Derby would assume the direction of recruiting in this country from the following Monday, and, later, that General Sir Henry MacKinnon, of the Western Command, and Colonel of the C.I.V.'s in the South African War, would assist him. Since then both the Earl and the General have been exceedingly busy. With the intimation of Lord Derby's appointment came the statement that, for the moment, while classification and checking of the "pink forms" would continue, no canvassing would be undertaken. After that, Lord Derby was in consultation with Trade

Union and other representatives; with the result that it was decided to make a great effort to secure the required number of men by voluntarism, canvassing with the aid of the "pink forms" to begin, and to go on for some six weeks, with civilians as canvassers, and the system to be similar to the canvassing at a General Election. Lord Derby also arranged to send a direct appeal by letter to every "unstarred" man; that is to say, to every man deemed eligible for the Army and not engaged on Government work. Lord Derby was born in London in April 1865.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMSON, KATE PRAGNELL, MAULL AND FOX, STEREOSCOPIC CO., BERESFORD, FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, HISTED, VANDYCK, AND WYKHAM.



Brig.-Gen. F. Wormald, C.B., served in South Africa, was wounded at Mons, mentioned twice in despatches, and personally received the C.B. from the King. Capt. G. C. Cartwright served in the Boer War (Queen's medal, four clasps). Lieut.-Col. Godfrey M. Morris had served with distinction in India and was mentioned in despatches. Capt. James H. A. Ryan served at Mons, the Marne, the Aisne, and Ypres, was mentioned in despatches, and received the Military Cross. Major Philip Granville Mason served in South Africa (Queen's medal, four clasps), and was awarded the D.S.O. in the present war. Capt. C. F. Kirkpatrick Carfrae was a fine soldier and daring Alpine climber, and had written on the subject. Major Arthur J. N. Tremearne served with distinction in South and West Africa, was an expert in the Hausa language, and author of several works on the Hausa people. Capt. E. Greaves M'Dougall was son of the late

Provost M'Dougall, of Jedburgh. Lieut.-Col. Welstead was one of the defenders of Ladysmith. Lieut. D. Ian B. Lloyd and Capt. G. Llewelyn B. Lloyd were sons of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd, of Wannifor, Cardiganshire. Capt. James Harvey and 2nd Lieut. William Harvey were the only surviving sons of Mr. James E. Harvey, of Liverpool. Captain Harvey was educated at St. John's College, Oxford, and his brother at Christ's College, Cambridge. Lieut. T. H. B. Vade-Walpole was elder son of the late Henry Spencer Vade-Walpole, and a cousin of the Earl of Orford, and was heir-presumptive to the Baronies of Walpole. Lieut. Guy Greville Napier was the well-known Cambridge Cricket Blue, and was the only son of Dr. T. B. Napier, late M.P. for the Faversham Division of Kent. 2nd Lieut. W. R. M. Woolf was an old Cambridge man and a first-rate oarsman and swimmer. When on leave a few weeks ago he saved the life of a woman at Brighton.

*Born 1820—
still going strong.*



JOHNNIE WALKER : "Do you know me?"

NEW ZEALANDER : "Do I know you! Why I know you as well as the
Wanganui."

LITERATURE.

Hill Birds of Scotland.

Even the war cannot rob the real country lover of his interest in the ways of the wild life he knows best. At this season the thoughts of many fighting men must stray to the Highlands, now recovering their proper mystery and loneliness, or to the covers of the South, where pheasants are waiting for the guns, where the leaves are yellowing and falling down, and the woodland will soon be bare. There will not be a tithe of the usual shooting this year, but sportsmen have not forgotten, and many will have been recalling with infinite pleasure well-remembered scenes in any of the sporting counties that lie between Sutherland and Cumberland. To these last "Hill Birds of Scotland," by Seton Gordon (Edward Arnold), cannot fail in its appeal. Some might have thought that almost the last word had been written about such birds as the raven, ptarmigan, red grouse, woodcock, and snipe, to name just a few from Mr. Gordon's list, but the first hour with the volume suffices to correct the error. Mr. Gordon writes from personal observation of the closest and most intimate kind, he has taken some striking photographs, and for the bird-lover there is interest on well-nigh every page. Some might hold that this book comes out at the wrong time, but surely this is a mistaken view. A return to Nature, if only through the medium of a book, is a great relief when the day's work is over, and one has struggled with the war reports that do but mislead, and with expert opinion that lacks nothing but correctness to be really valuable. It is likely that Mr. Gordon's book will take rank among the few modern works that deal with Scotland's birds and are indispensable to students of bird-life, for he has more than sound knowledge and trained pen; he has a sense of selection, and seems to grasp the points that matter. No man who has felt the magic of Scotland's moorlands, mountains, or rivers, who cherishes the recollection of a few perfect days in the glen or on the hill, will fail to appreciate the charm of "Hill Birds of Scotland," though some of us might hesitate to include the snipe, greenshank, golden plover, woodcock, and sandpiper under such a heading. If they are birds of the hill, they are also birds of the valley, and the title does not seem to be quite justified. At the same time, we would not willingly dispense with the chapters devoted to these birds. They are no less fascinating than the others; they will teach some of us who honestly thought we had little to learn about the subject; and, moreover, the object of this brief note is not to criticise Mr. Gordon, but to thank him. We do not even grieve immoderately when he describes ants as "aggravating insects."

The Condition of Ireland. Mr. Arthur Lynch, M.P., has written a volume, which he calls "Ireland—Vital Hour" (Stanley Paul), that contains not only entertainment, but also a great deal of



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very good sense. To call it impartial would be to ignore the prejudices in it without which no book on such a subject would be worth taking the paper-cutter to. But its spirit is sane and tolerant, with an appeal for give-and-take that is quite congruous with its own frankness. Mr. Lynch, in his "Glances at History," does not see Ireland in the same perspective as will most of his readers on the English side of the Channel, nor does he mince words in reporting his view. But, as he says, he refuses to lose a night's rest for Oliver Cromwell. His autobiographic chapter, again, contains passages that would at least explain resentments of the past did he still keep these alive. But this he is resolved not to do. As to actual conditions, they still, he contends, indicate Ireland's material miseries, and throw into relief the old incompetence of English rule. But he will not regard them as irremediable by mutual trust and endeavour. In a word, this to him is Ireland's vital hour, because the present crisis holds the promise of opportunity—possibly the last—for this joint good-will to declare itself; and this lively, outspoken, concessional book is a manifestly sincere avowal of the author's willingness to embrace that opportunity now, or as soon as it comes. Mr. Lynch does not confine his survey to politics and debatable matters associated therewith. A chapter on "Industrial Development" will open the reader's eyes to activities in agriculture and trade in Ireland of which far too little is known and heard. There are books to be read, or at any rate that were being read before the war, on recent observations of agricultural banks and agricultural corporations on the Continent, from which one could never guess that their authors know about similar institutions and movements in Ireland—as, indeed, very possibly they do not. Numbers VIII. to XI. among the excellent maps appended to Mr. Lynch's volume would bring them much enlightenment. Equally encouraging seem to be the maps illustrating educational opportunities in the country; but here Mr. Lynch's text is less hopeful, and particularly he has to deplore a backwardness in science, upon which, as he remarks, material progress and prosperity must build. Altogether, he lets in a great deal of fresh air upon his subject.

The North-West Amazons.

We have not for a long time come across so interesting a book as Captain Thomas Whiffen's "The North-West Amazons" (Constable). The author, in his seven months spent among the cannibal tribes, gathered copious material, and he has arranged it in this volume admirably. Of the immense river basin, some 2,720,000 square miles, that lies veiled to mere navigators on the main waterway, little has been added to our knowledge since Sir Walter Raleigh's day. Captain Whiffen's route (to confine it to the area of his notes) ran from Encanto, at the junction of the Putumayo with the Issa, overlaid across the Igara Parana, the Kahuinari, the Japura, and, with returns upon itself, reached to near the Apaporis, and from there came back

[Continued overleaf]

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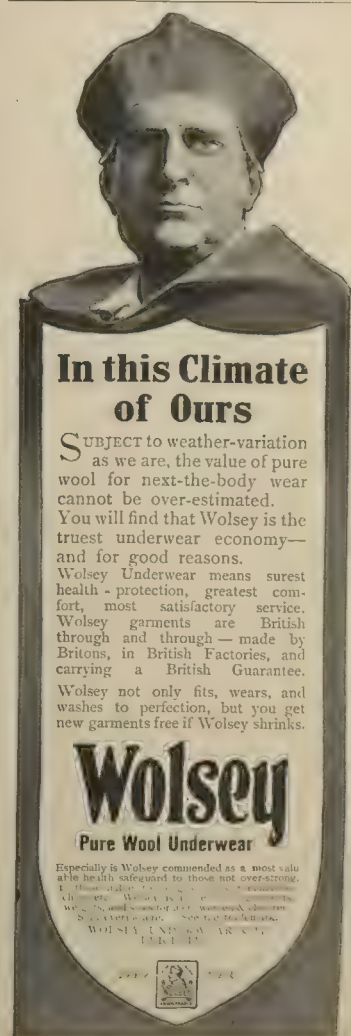
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again directly to Encanto. A preliminary chapter on the topography of this region summarises the dangers and difficulties that beset the traveller in it, and conveys to the reader a circumstantial and thrilling impression of the Amazonian forest. The remainder, the body of the book, is an account of the Indians, whose conditions, the author emphasises, are in a state of flux, and consequently demand careful observations and comparisons if generalisations are to be made safely upon them. A classification of the South American Indians is a difficult matter. Captain Whiffen recognises nine language groups, comprising, in his estimate, a population of some 86,000. His own notes refer to the 36,000 or so making up the Witoto and the Boro groups, between whom there are no actual geographical boundaries and no love is lost. Antipathies among tribes spring from fear. The white man among them has to preserve constant watchfulness, on the principle that it's the nervous dog that bites—one by which

enough. Hence men only share in ceremonial eating, with few exceptions. Division of labour among men and women is rigid—indeed, a tabu—and is based on sex. As a consequence, the traveller must include women in his escort. Captain Whiffen's observations on dress, ornament, agriculture, arms, social relations, the medicine man's power, dances, song, language, and moral qualities or the lack of them, were thorough, and are here presented in an extremely fascinating way. The illustrations also—from photographs—are excellent.

"Tiger Slayer by Order." The "Tiger Slayer by Order" from whose notes and stories Mr. Gouldsbury has compiled this interesting work (Chapman and Hall) is Mr. Digby Davies, who for nearly thirty years held the combined appointments of Bhil Agent, Inspector of Police, and Tiger Slayer in the Khandesh District of the Bombay Presidency. The number of beasts of prey in the 15,000 square miles of jungle-clad hill country which form the Khandesh District compelled the Government to create this unique appointment soon after the Crown took over the Empire from the old East India Company. Mr. Davies served his apprenticeship under Colonel Oliver Probyn, whom he succeeded while still in his early twenties; and, as he has spent all his official life in Khandesh, he has had wider experience of tigers and tiger-shooting than any living man. What to others is an ambition only to be gratified by expenditure of time, trouble, and money has been

he omitted to keep count for his own information: he thinks altogether his bag "cannot be much under three hundred in all." As may be supposed, he has had his share of exciting adventures and narrow escapes—the narrowest, we assume, when a wounded tigress charged home and felled him, to be shot by a plucky Bhil hunter before she could inflict fatal injuries. Mr. Davies has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of observing the tiger at home; but he is a sportsman rather than a naturalist, and familiarity with his special quarry inevitably leads him to regard it lightly. Incidentally, while describing a trip to Somaliland, he compares the relative merits of lion and tiger as foes. Having slain only eight lions, he does not pretend to speak with authority, but his conclusion is that, though the lion is much bolder, he, by reason of his lesser cunning and ferocity, is not so dangerous a quarry as the tiger. Not every page is devoted to tiger-shooting: Mr. Davies' stories of dacoits and dacoit-hunting are as good as his sporting anecdotes. These shed curious light on the character of the wild people with whom his lot was cast for so many years, and of whom he writes in terms of warm affection, despite their shortcomings. We lay down the volume with a feeling that Mr. Davies has only allowed us the merest glimpse into his note-books, and that he can tell us much more if he will.

COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH TROOPS AT SALONIKA: GENERAL SARRAIL.

It is reported that General Sarrail, who fought at the Battle of the Marne and won fresh laurels there, has been appointed to command the French troops at Salonika, with the style of Commander-in-Chief of the French Army of the Orient. He succeeded General Gouraud at the Dardanelles.

Photograph by Manuel.



GERMANY PAYS YET ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO HER WAR-HERO—AN ENGINEERING WORK THIS TIME THE HINDENBURG BRIDGE OVER RAILWAY LINES IN BERLIN.

neutral observers on the spot have accounted for many of the doings of the Germans in Belgium. As has been indicated, Captain Whiffen's tribes were cannibals chiefly, though not wholly, he thinks, to show insult to their

to him the daily round: he used to send in a monthly return of tigers killed to headquarters, but so much a matter of course became the finest sport in the world that, after reporting about two hundred,



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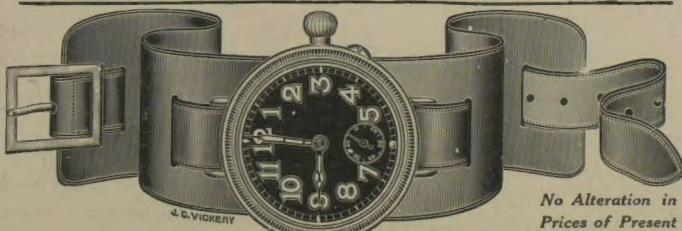
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Ford Policy. If the sales of Ford cars do not drop in this country I shall not believe in the patriotism of the everyday motorist. Mr. Henry Ford has enjoyed the open market of Great Britain for many years, and yet, when the International Loan Commissioners visited America, he did his utmost to make their mission a failure. British motorists have spent many thousands, if not millions, of pounds sterling on his goods, yet this motor-maker not only showered vigorous abuse upon the Commissioners, but threatened the banks by stating he would withdraw his deposits if they participated in the American loan. Therefore, the only reprisals that patriotic motorists can make on this enemy of Great Britain and her Allies is not to deal with him under any consideration whatever. It is hoped that this course will be taken, so that, at any rate, none of the cash now lying to British credit will fall into the coffers of the Henry Ford companies.

Fuel Economy. As Mr. Montague, the Financial Under-Secretary, fore-shadows that the Government will want half of everybody's income, either in taxes or as a loan, it behoves our chemists to bestir themselves in order that motorists can get the full value from the petrol they burn to produce the motive-power in their motor vehicles. As our contemporary the *Motor* recently stated in its leading article, "taking an average of results, not more than half the possible energy is now obtained from a gallon of petrol." This means that the chemists will have to find something or some scheme to improve the carburation so as greatly to increase the efficiency. At the best, the present forms of carburation are but make-shifts, as it is well known that only part of the fuel that passes through the jets of the carburettor reaches the combustion-chambers. Now a strict economy faces us in all directions, so our brains must exert

themselves in finding devices for saving fuel as regards motor-ing, for, beyond a reduction in tyre and fuel bills, there is little else left to reduce the annual running costs.

Ten-Mile Record. On Sept. 18, at the new Sheepshead Bay motor race-track in America, "Dolly" Resta broke the ten-miles record on the Grand

ably handled. While we have no sporting events in motoring circles in this country, it is fortunate that America has taken up motor-racing in its popular sense. "Why fortunate?" I can imagine some readers asking; but it is only by racing that the motor road-machine has been improved, both in design and manu-facture, by being driven

to discover "breaking points" and weakness in its construction. Our enemies the Germans tested their present aeroplane engines on the roads in racing, and though they have failed in obtaining anything like supremacy of the air, there is no disputing that they have evolved an excellent motor. I rather fancy that the numerous motor racing-tracks now built in America will greatly tend to improve the American car. Already the formation of racing team drivers into limited companies—which may seem very strange to British racing drivers—goes to show that motor-racing is going on in a purely commercial spirit; hence the hope of its benefiting the actual machine.

Motor Tariff. It seems

rather a pity that the Chancellor of the Exchequer listened to the critics of his suggestion and remitted the duty on commercial motors and their parts, as it leaves a very wide loophole for a number of pleasure chassis coming into this country free of duty. No doubt when this is discovered they will find themselves taxed in the near future. As regards the present duties, it is to be hoped that cars will be taxed on weight, and not *ad valorem*. If the British industry is to benefit by the duties, as well as produce a revenue for the

nation, the tax should be £3 per cwt. That would produce at least £45 per car, if not more, on every vehicle that was imported, and would certainly hit Mr. Ford's goods more than those of any other maker, which he deserves.

W. W.



UNCONVENTIONAL JULY MOTORING IN SOUTH AFRICA: DRIVING THROUGH MELTED SNOW.

Our photograph, taken last July at Hout's Bay, one of the highest points in South Africa, might suggest an old-time Christmas scene in this country. Snow only falls during night-time at this high altitude when the cold is intense, and disappears shortly after the sun has risen. The effect is to flood the roads badly, as will be seen in the photograph. The car is shown passing over a dip in the road which has been submerged by melting snow. It is one of the well-known extra-strong Colonial Napier's, the only Colonial model which has ever been subject to a test under the official observation of the Royal Automobile Club.

Prix Peugeot car. The time for the distance was 5 min. 32.4-5 sec., or, roughly, a speed of 117 miles per hour, as against the old record of 5 min. 55 sec. England and France again shared the honour, for as much credit is due to the English driver as to the famous French car he so

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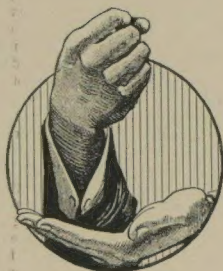
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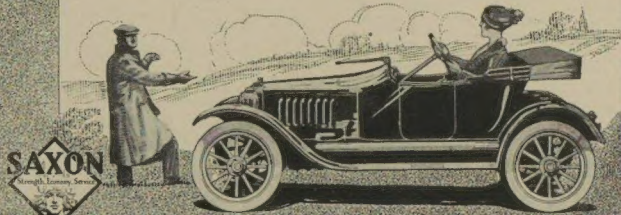
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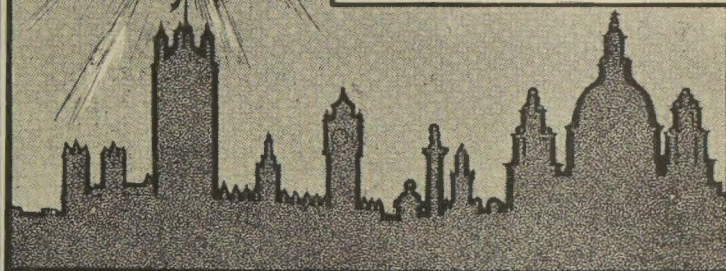
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